P S
3529
N5
C45
1914a
MAIN

UC-NRLF
C 3 038 618

"Children Of The Sea"

A Play In One Act

by

Eugene G.O'Neill.

Characters.

"Cooky" ----------)
Davis ----------)
"Scotty"----------)
Driscoll --------) Seamen of a British
Oleson ----------) Tramp Steamer.
"Yank" ----------)
Smitty ----------)
Ivan ------------)
A Norwegian -----)
The Captain of the Steamer.
The First Officer.

The action takes place in the forecastle of a British tramp steamer on a foggy night, midway in the voyage from New York to Cardiff.

PS3529
N5C45
1914a
MAIN

Scene:The seamen's forecastle on a British tramp steamer,an irregular-shaped compartment the sides of which almost meet at the far end to form a triangle.Sleeping bunks about six feet long,ranged two deep with a space of two and a half or three feet separating the upper from the lower,are built against the sides.On the right above the bunks three or four port holes can be seen. In front of the bunks rough wooden benches.Over the bunks on the left a lighted lamp in a bracket. In the left foreground a doorway. On the floor near it a pail with a tin dipper.Oilskins are hanging from hooks near the doorway. The far side of the forecastle is so narrow it contains only one series of bunks. In under the lower bunks a glimpse can be had of sea-chests,suit cases,sea boots,etc. jammed in indiscriminately. The whole forecastle is not more than twenty feet wide,narrowing to about six,twenty-five feet deep,and eight feet high.

The sea outside must be unusually calm,for the oilskins hung against the side sway but little,and the swash of the waves around the bow is so indistinct that the footsteps of the lookout pacing up and down on the forecastle-head above can be plainly heard.At regular intervals of a minute or so the blast of the steamers whistle drowns all other sounds.

Five men are sitting on the benches talking.They are dressed in dirty patched suits of dungaree and flannel shirts,and all are in their stocking feet.Four of the men are pulling on pipes and the air in the forecastle is hazy with rancid tobacco smoke.Sitting on the top bunk in the left foreground a blond-haired Norwegian with vacant blue eyes is softly playing some folk song on a battered accordion.He stops from time to time to listen to the conversation.In the lower bunk at the far end a dark-haired,middle-aged man is lying apparently asleep.One of his arms is stretched limply over the side of his bunk.His face is very pale and drops of clammy perspiration glisten on his forehead.

It is nearing the end of the dog-watch,about quarter to eight in the evening.

Cooky -(A weazened,old runt of a man.He is telling a story.The others are listening with amused,incredulous faces) "Maikin'love to me,she was! It's Gawd's truth! A bloomin' nigger! Greased all over with cocoanut oil,she was. Gawd blimey,I couldn't stand 'er. The stink of 'er would fair drive you looney "Bloody old cow',I says;and with that I fetched 'er a whack on the ear that knocked 'er silly and --"(He is interrupted by a roar of laughter from the others)

Davis -(a middle-aged man with brown hair and mustache) "You're a liar, Cocky."

Scotty -(A dark young fellow)"Ho-ho! Ye were neverr in New Guinea in your life,I'm thinkin'"

Oleson -(A Swede with an enormous blond mustache - with ponderous sarcasm)"Yust tink of it! You say she wuss a cannibal,Cooky?"

Driscoll -(A red-headed giant with the battered features of a prize-fighter)"How cud ye doubt it,Oleson? A quane av the naygurs she musta been, surely.Who else wud think herself equal to fallin' in love wid a beauthiful, divil-may-care rake av a man like Cocky?"

Cooky -(protests indignantly)"Gawd strike me dead if it ain't true, every bloomin' word of it-'Appened ten year ago come Christmas."

Scotty -"T'was a Christmas dinner she had her eyes on."

Davis -"He'd a bin a tough old bird."

Driscoll -"T'is lucky for both,ye escaped;for the quane av the Cannibal Isles wud'a died av the belly-ache the day afther Christmas,divil a doubt av ut."(The laughter at this witticism is long and loud.)

Cooky -(sullenly)"Blarsted fat'eads!"(The sick man in the lower bunk on the far side groans and moves restlessly.There is a hushed silence.All turn and stare at him)

Driscoll -"Ssshhh!"(in a hoarse whisper)"We'd best not be talkin' so loud and him tryin' to have a bit av sleep."(He tiptoes softly to the side of the bunk)"Yank! You'd be wantin' a dhrink of wather,maybe?"(Yank does not reply.Driscoll bends over him)"It's asleep he is,sure enough.His breeth is chokin' in his throat like wather gurglin' in a pipe."(He comes back quietly and sits down.All are silent,avoiding each other eyes)

Cooky -"Pore devil!It's over the side for 'im,Gawd 'elp 'im."

Driscoll -"Stop your croakin';he's not dead yet and,praise God,he'll have many a long day yet before him."

Scotty -(shaking his head doubtfully)"He's bad,mon,he's verry bad."

Davis -"He's lucky he's alive.Many a man's light 'ud 'a gone out after a fall like that."

Oleson -"You saw him fall?"

Davis -"Right next to him.He and me was goin' down in No.2 hold to do some chippin'.He puts his leg over careless-like and misses the ladder and plumps straight down to the bottom.I was afraid to look over for a minute and then I heard him groan and scuttled down after him.He was hurt inside for the blood was drippin' from the side of his mouth.He never let a word out of him."

Cooky -"An' you blokes remember when we 'auled 'im in'ere - O 'ell,'e says,O 'ell - like that,and nothin'else."

Oleson -"Did the Captain know where he is hurt?"

Cooky -"That silly ol' josser! Wot the 'ell would 'e know?"

Scotty -"He fiddles in his mouth wi' a bit of glass."

Driscoll -(angrily)"The divil's own life it is,to be out on the lonely sea and have nothin' betune you and a grave in the ocean but a spindle-shanked grey-whiskered,auld fool the like av him.T'was enough to make a saint swear to see him with his gold watch in his hand,tryin' to look as wise as an owl on a tree,and all the time he not knowin' whether t'was chclery or the barbers itch was the matther wid Yank."

Scotty -(sardonically) "He gave him a dose of salts,na doobt?"

Driscoll -"Divil a thing he gave him at all, but looked in the book he had wid him,and shook his head,and walked out widout sayin' a word,the second mate afther him no wiser than he,God's curse on the two av thim."

Cooky -(after a pause)"Blimey,it's a queer world.There's Yank talkin' and laughin' an' tellin' stories this time last night,-and now 'ere 'e is with 'is insides all busted up.Pore beggar,'e was a good shipmate - lend me four bob in Noo York,'e did."

Driscoll -(warmly)"A good shipmate he was and is - none betther.Ye said no more than the truth,Cooky.Five years and more ut is since first I shipped wid him,and we've stuck together iver since,through good luck and bad.Fights we've had,God help us,but t'was only when we'd a bit of dhrink taken,and we always shook hands the next mornin'.Whativer was his was mine, and mine's the time I'd'a been on the beach,or worse,but for him.And now -"(His voice trembles as he fights to control his emotion)"Divil take me if I'm not startin to blubber like an auld woman,and he not dead at all but goin' to live many a long year yet,maybe."

Davis -"He seems better now.The sleep'll do him good."

Oleson -"If he vude eat something-"

Driscoll -"Wud ye have him be eatin' in his condishun?Sure it's hard enough for the rest av us wid nothin' wrong wid our insides to be stomachin' the skoff on this rusty lime-juicer."

Scotty -(indignantly)"It's a starvation ship."

Davis -"Plenty o' work and no food;it's easy to see why the owners are rich."

Oleson -"Hash,hash;stew,stew;marmalade - py damn!"(He spits disgustedly)

Cooky -"Bloody swill! Fit only for swine is wot I say."

Driscoll -"And the dishwather they disguise as tea! And that ball of av putty they call bread - my belly feels like I'd swallowed a dozen rivets at the thought av ut! And sea-biscuit that 'ud break the teeth av a lion if he had the misfortune to take a bite at one!"(Unconsciously they have all raised their voices,forgetting the sick man in their sailors delight at finding something to grumble about.)

(The Norwegian sitting on the upper bunk on the left stpos playing his accordion and says slowly)"And ro-ten po-tay-toes."(He starts in playing again.The sick man groans.)

Driscoll -(holding up his hand)"Shut your mouths all av you. T'is a hell av a thing for us to be complainin' about our guts and a man sick and maybe dyin' listenin' to us."(Shaking his fist at the Norwegian)"God stiffen you, ye square-head scut! Put down that organ av yours or I'll break your ugly face for you.Is that banshee schreechin' fit music for a sick man?"(The Norwegian puts his accordion on the bunk and lays back and closes his eyes.

Driscoll goes over and stands beside Yank.The steamer's whistle sounds particularly loud in the silence.)

Davis -"Damn this fog!"(Reaches under a bunk and yanks out a pair of sea-boots which he pulls on)"My lookout next,too.Must be nearly eight bells, boys."(With the exception of Oleson all put on southwesters,oilskins,sea-boots, etc. in preparation for the watch on deck.Oleson crawls into a lower bunk on the right)

Scotty -"My wheel."

Cocky -"Me and Driscoll'll be shiftin' boxes dahn in number four,blarst it!"

Oleson -(with a disgusted grunt)"I got take the wheel two to four -yust my luck."(He turns his back to the light and is soon asleep)

Scotty -If this weather keeps up,I'm tellin' ye,we'll not be gettin' into Carrdiff for a week or more."

Davis -(in a whisper)"Let's hope poor Yank'll last long enough so's he can be burried on dry land and not be thrown overboard like a sack full of rotten spuds."

Driscoll -"Don't be talkin' that way,I say.T'is betther he's gettin' every minute.He'll live yet to see your grave and mine."(A pause.The Norwegian has fallen asleep and is snoring)"Listen to that pig,will ye! His gruntin' puts me in mind av somethin' and t'is not a pleasant thought.T'was just such a night as this the auld "Dover" wint down.Just about this time it was,too, and we all sittin' round in the fo'castle,Yank beside me,and the whistle blowin' and shriekin',and a fog you couldn't see your hand before you in. There was just such another lazy scut snorin' in one av the bunks,and I was tellin' some outrageous lie,and Yank laughin' at me; but the rest av thim thinkin' it's bible truth.All av a suddint we heard a great slitherin' crash and the ship heeled over till we was all in a heap on wan side.What came afther I disremember exactly,except t'was a hard shift to get the boats over before the auld tea-kettle sank.Yank was in the same boat wid me,and six morthal days we drifted widout a drop av wather or a bit to chew on.T'was Yank that held me down whin I tried to jump over the side,roarin'mad wid the thirst. Picked up we were on the same day,wid only four av us alive and only Yank in his senses."

Cocky -"Blimey,but you're a cheerful blighter,Driscoll! - tellin' us abant shipwrecks in this 'ere blarsted fog."(Yank groans and stirs uneasily, opening his eyes.Driscoll hurries to his side.)

Driscoll -"Are ye feelin' any betther,Yank?"

Yank -(shaking his head - in a weak voice)"No"

Driscoll -"Sure,you must be.You look as sthrong as an ox."(appealing to the others)"Am I tellin' him a lie?"

Davis -"The sleep's done you good."

Cocky -"You'll be 'avin your pint of beer in Cardiff this day week."

Scotty -"And fish and chips,mon!"

Yank -(peevishly)"What're yuh all liein' fur? D'yuh think I'm scared to-(He hesitates as if frightened by the word he is about to say.)

Driscoll -"Don't be thinkin' such things."(The ship's bell is heard heavily tolling eight times.From the forecastle head the voice of the look-out rises in a long wail -"Aaalls welll."The men look uncertainly at Yank as if undecided whether to say good'bye to him or not.)

Yank -(in an agony of fear)"Don't leave me,Drisc. I'm dyin',I tell yuh. I won't stay here alone with everyone snorin'.I'll go out on deck."(He makes a feeble attempt to rise but sinks back with a sharp groan.His breath comes in wheezy gasps)"Don't leave me,Drisc!"(His face grows white and his head falls back with a jerk)

Driscoll -"Don't be worryin',Yank,I'll not move a step out av here,and let that divil av a bosun curse his black head off.You speak a word to the bosun,Cocky.Tell him Yank is bad tuk and I'll be stayin' with him a while yit."

Cocky -"Right-o"(Cocky,Davis,and Scotty go out quietly)

Cocky -(from the alleyway)"Gawd blimey,the fog's thick as soup."

Driscoll -"Are ye satisfied now,Yank? He's fainted,God help him!"(He gets a tin dipper of water from the bucket and throws it in Yank's face.Yank shudders and opens his eyes.)

Yank -(slowly)"I thought I was going -then.Wha'did yuh wanta wake me up fur?"

Driscoll -(with forced gaiety)"Is it wishful for heaven ye are?"

Yank -(gloomily)"Hell,I guess."

Driscoll -(involuntarily crosses himself)"For the love av the saints,don' be talkin' like that! You'd give a man the creeps.It's chippin' rust on the decks you'll be in a day or two wid the best av us."(Yank does not answer but closes his eyes again wearily.The seaman who has been on lookout, [illegible], a young Englishman with a light mustache, and takes off his dripping oilskins and hangs them near the door.While he is doing this the man whose wheel has been relieved comes in.He is a dark,burly fellow with a large stupid face. He hangs his things beside the others.Both sit on the benches and pull off their sea-boots.The Englishman steps softly over to Driscoll.The other crawls into a lower bunk.)

The Englishman -"How's Yank?"

Driscoll -"Betther; ask him yourself;he's awake."

Yank -"I'm all right,Smitty."

Smitty -"Glad to hear it,Yank."(He lights his pipe and climbs to an upper bunk)

(The dark,stupid-faced seaman in the lower bunk twists his head in the direction of the sick man) "You feel gude,Jank?"

Yank -(wearily)"Yes,Ivan."

Ivan -"Dots gude."(He rolls over on his side and falls asleep immediately The Englishman soon knocks out his pipe and turns his face away from the light

Yank -(after a pause broken only by snores - with a bitter laugh)"Good' bye to all of you!"

Driscoll -(renewing his attempt at cheerfulness)"Is ut a nice thing,I ask you,to be desirin' to leave an auld shipmate the way you are?Sure,for my sake,you ought to give up thinkin' such things.Pwhat wud I be widout you but an auld roosther wid his head chopped off."

Yank -(dully)"Yuh can't cheer me up,Drisc.I feel too rotten.I ain't got a laugh in me."

Driscoll -"Is ut painin' you again?"

Yank -"It hurts like hell - here."(He points to the lower part of his chest on the left side)"I guess my old pump is busted."

Driscoll -"Ye've caught cold where you was hurted,maybe-A bit of rheumatics or somethin'.T'is the divil's own pain I know.None better;for ye remember I was laid up for a week wid ut in Yokahama time we was there wid the "Malay Princess",a starvation ship if there iver was wan."

Yank -"Worst ship we was ever on together."

Driscoll -"I've been on a worse wan once; but I must have told you av ut,and I'll not be plaguin' a sick man wid auld stories he's heard before."

Yank -"Yuh needn't worry; I'll stop yuh if it's an old one.Go ahead."

Driscoll -"Since you're wishin' ut;- T'was a Yankee bark out av Bridgewater,Novy Scotia,wid lumber for the River Plate.The captain and the mate were "Blue-noses",and you know wad that means,for,if I misthake not,we've had dealins togither wid the same breed av swine.Worrk it was day and night, both watches on deck for no raison at all,and the captain and mate cursin' iviry mother's son av us for a crew av lazy scuts.Black rage was in the heart av iviry wan in the fo'castle and if we'd had the chance - but divil a wan did they give us for whiniver a man went aloft wid a marlin spike they was cute enough to keep sheltered at the break av the poop.The food was the worst av all.T'was not fit for dogs,no,nor worse than dogs.Ye know the sayin': 'Not fit for a sailor let alone a dog'We stood it as long as we could widout sayin' anythin',knowin' it was little use; but wan day they opened a box av sea-biscuit that stunk to hiven and was crawlin' wid worms,and we tuk it aft to protist.'Pwhats this - mutiny?' says the mate and pulls a big revolver out av his pocket.'Divil a bit av mutiny',says I,'and plaze don't be pointin' that pisthol at me for it might go off.We want to protist against this swill we're supposed to eat.We work harrd and we'd like somethin' dacint to put strength in us.'The mate took a long look at me and says:'Those biscuits are all right and you'll eat them,you dogs,or go hungry.'While he's speakin' the two pigs we have on board as mascots,and gettin' fat for the captain's table

come gruntin' up to see whativer the great smell is."These biscuits are only fit for swine and ye know ut' I said,and looked the mate straight in the eye, for I was hot wid anger and forgetful av his gun ; and wid that I tuk a fistful av the biscuits and threw thim to the pigs.And,it's God's truth I'm tellin you,the pigs turned up their noses contimptuous and walked away widout takin' a bite.'Evin the pigs can't stomach thim'I says to the mate and he turns away widout a word."

Yank -(smiling)"Did they give yuh fresh ones?"

Driscoll -"Divil a wan.We had to go hungry like the mate told us to for the betther part av a week."

Yank -"Wha'd'yuh do then?"

Driscoll -"The rest av the sthory is best not told but I'll tell it to you.Wan dark rainy night off Rio the mate and the man at the wheel were alone on the poop - and the mate slipped and fell over the side.He was missing at the end av the watch."

Yank -(sarcastically)"Huh,slipped and fell over the rail,too,I suppose? The man at the wheel oughta made up a better lie than that.Did he say he seen him fall over?"

Driscoll -"No."

Yank -"Or heard the splash?"

Driscoll -"He saw nothin' and heard nothin';but the mate must have slipped because he was nowhere to be found."

Yank -"The guy at the wheel had his nerve with him.Who was he?"

Driscoll -"I was;and if I've nivir told ye before 't'was because ~~xxxx~~ it's past and gone these fifteen years,and best forgotten."

Yank -(after a pause)"He got what was coming to him - the mate,I mean."

Driscoll -"He was a dirty dog;I have no regrets for him.The captain wint round wid a pisthol strapped about his waist in plain sight afther that,but the food was much betther."(The Captain and First Mate of the steamer enter the forecastle in time to catch his remark about the food.The Captain is an old man with grey mustache and whiskers.The Mate is clean-shaven and middle-aged.Both are dressed in simple uniforms.)

The Captain -(pleasantly)"Grumbling about the food again,Driscoll?"

Driscoll -(starting to his feet - confused)"No,sorr;t'was a different snip entirely I was speakin' av."

The Captain -(taking out his watch,goes to Yank and feels his pulse) "And how is the sick man?"

Yank -(feebly)"All right,sir."

The Captain -"And the pain in the chest?"

Yank -"It still hurts,sir,worse than ever."

The Captain -(taking a thermometer from his pocket and putting it in Yank's mouth)"Be sure and keep this in under your tongue,not over it."

The Mate -(after a pause)"Isn't this your watch on deck,Driscoll?"

Driscoll -"Yes,sorr,but Yank was fearin' to be alone and -"

The Captain -"That's all right,Driscoll"

Driscoll -"Thank ye,sorr."

The Captain -(Stares at his watch for a moment or so; then takes the thermometer from Yank's mouth and goes near the lamp to read it.His expression grows very grave.He beckons the mate and Driscoll to the corner near the doorway.Yank watches them furtively.The Captain speeks in a low voice to theMate) "Way up,both of them."(to Driscoll)"Has he been spitting blood again?"

Driscoll -"Not for the hour just past,sorr,but before that -"

The Captain -"A great deal?"

Driscoll -"Yes,sorr."

The Captain -"He hasn't eaten anything?"

Driscoll -"No,sorr."

The Captain -"Did he drink that medecine I sent him?"

Driscoll -"Yes,sorr,but it didn't stay down."

The Captain -(shaking his head)"I'm afraid - he's very weak.I can't do anything else for him.It's too serious for me.If this had only happened a week later we'd be in Cardiff in time to -"

Driscoll -"Plaze help him someway,sorr!"

The Captain -(impatiently)"But,my good man,I'm not a doctor."(more kindly as he sees Driscoll's depression)"You and he have been shipmates a long time?"

Driscoll -"Five years and more,sorr."

The Captain -"I see.Well,don't let him move.Keep him quiet and - we'll hope for the best.I'll read the matter up and send him some medecine,something to quiet the pain,anyway."(to Yank)"Keep up your courage!You'll be better tomorrow."(He breaks down lamely before Yank's steady gaze)"We'll pull you through all right and - hm - Coming Robson? -Dammit!"(He goes out followed by the First Mate)

Driscoll -(trying to conceal his anxiety)"Wasn't I tellin' you you wasn't half as sick as you thought you was.The Captain'll have you on your feet xx oursin' and swearin' like a trooper before the week is out."

Yank -"Don't lie,Drisc; I heard what he said; and if I didn't I c'd tell by the way I feel.There's a big wheel buzzin' in my head and a bonfire in my insides and a knife bein' stuck in my ribs.I know what's goin' to happen.I'm goin' to -"(He hesitates - then resolutely)"I'm goin' to die,thats what,and the sooner the better."

Driscoll -(wildly)"No,and be damned to you,you're not.I'll not let you."

Yank -"It ain't no use,Drisc,I ain't got a chance;but I ain't scared. Gimme a drink of water,will yuh,Driso? My throats burnin' up."(Driscoll brings the dipper full of water and supports his head while he drinks in great gulps)

Driscoll -(after a long silence - seeking vainly for some word of comfort "Are ye feelin' more aisy like now?"

Yank -"Yes - now - when I know."(a pause)"You mustn't take it so hard, Drisc. I was just thinkin' it ain't so bad as people think - dyin'. I ain't ever taken much stock in what those sky-pilots preach.I ain't ever had religion; but I know whatever it is what comes after it can't be no worse than this.I don't like to leave you,Drisc,but - that's all."(Driscoll groans and rocks from side to side on the bench)"This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin' - just one ship after another,hard work,small pay,and bum grub; and when we git into port,just a drunk endin' up in a fight and all your money gone,and then ship away again.Never meetin' no nice people;never gittin' outa sailor town,hardly,in any port; travellin' all over the world and never seein' any of it; without anyone to care where yuh are or whether yuh're alive or dead."(with a bitter smile)"There ain't much in all that that'd make yuh sorry to lose it,Drisc."

Driscoll -(gloomily)"It's the hell av a life,the sea."

Yank -(musingly)"It must be great to stay on dry land all your life and have a farm with a house of your own with cows and pigs and chickens,way in middle of the land where yuh'd never smell the sea or see a ship.It must be great to have a wife,and kids to play with at night,after supper,when your work was all done.It must be great to have a home of your own,Drisc."

Driscoll -(with a great sigh)"It must,surely; but pwhats the use av thinkin' av ut? Such things are not for the like av us."

Yank -"Sea-farin' is all right when yuh're young and don't care; but we ain't chickens no more,and somehow,I dunno,this last year or so it's all seemed rotten,and I've had a hunch I'd quit - with you,of course -and we'd save out coin and go to Canada or Argentine or someplace and git a farm,just a small one,just enough to live on.I never told yuh this cause I thought yuh'd laugh at me."

Driscoll -(enthusiastically)"Laugh at you,is ut?When I'm havin' the same thoughts myself,time and again.It's a grrand idea and we'll be doin' it sure if you'll stop your crazy notions about - about - about bein' so sick."

Yank -(sadly)"Too late;we shouldn't'a made this trip and then -Oooh!"(A spasm of pain contracts his pale ~~fxxx~~ features.He presses his hand to his left side and writhes on the thin mattress of his bunk.The perspiration stands out in beads on his forehead)

Driscoll -(terrified)"Yank,Yank,pwhat is ut?"(jumping to his feet)"I'll run for the Captain."(He starts for the doorway)

Yank -(sitting up in his bunk,frantic with fear)"Don't leave me,Driso, for God's sake don't leave me alone!(Driscoll turns back to him)He leans over the side of the bunk and spits)"Blood,ugh!"

Driscoll -"Blood again! I'd best be gettin'the Captain."

Yank -"No,no,don't leave me.If yuh do I'll git up and follow yuh.I ain't no coward but I'm afraid to stay here alone with all of them asleep and snorin (Driscoll,not knowing what to do,sits down beside him.He grows calmer and sinks back on the mattress.)"The Cap can't do me no good,yuh know it yourself.What's the use of botherin' him?The pain ain't so bad now,but I thought I was goin' then.It was like a buzz-saw cuttin' into me.The next time it comes it's all over but the shoutin."

Driscoll -(fiercely) "God blarst ut!"

Yank -(vaguely)"How'd all the fog git in here?"

Driscoll -"Fog?"

Yank -"Everything looks misty; must be my eyes gittin' weak,I guess. What was we talkin' of a minute ago? Oh,yes,a farm - it's too late."(his mind wandering a bit)"Argentine,did I say? D'yuh remember the times we've had in Buenos Aires? The moving pictures in Barracas? Some class to them,d'yuh remember? And the time we was thereon thebeach' and had to go to Tommy Moore' boarding-house to git shipped? And he sold us rotten oilskins and sea-boots full of holes,and shipped us on a skysail-yarder round the Horn,and took a months pay for it?And the days we used to spend on the park benches along the Paseo Colon with the vigilantes lookin' hard at us? And the drinks at the Sailor's Opera where the guy played American rag-time?D'yuh remember him?"

Driscoll -"Could I forget him?Didn't he nearly kill me when I poured a pint of beer into the piany,which sounded dry?"

Yank -"And La Plata -_phew,that stink of hides! I always liked Argentine - all except that booze,cana. How drunk we used to get on that,remember?"

Driscoll -"I do,that."

Yank -"Remember the night I went crazy with the heat in Singapore? And the time you was pinched by the cops in Port Said? And the time we was both locked up in Sydney for fightin'?"

Driscoll -"I do."

Yank -"We've had some great old times together,me and you."

Driscoll -"Divil a lie,we have."

Yank -"And if we've had fallins-out -"

Driscoll -(interrupting him hurriedly)"T'was only when we'd too much drink taken."

Yank -(in a choking voice)"It's hard - to ship on this voyage I'm goin' on-alone."(Driscoll reaches out and grasps his hand.There is a pause during which both fight to control themselves)

Yank -"That fight on the dock at Cape Town?-"(His voice betrays great inward perturbation)

Driscoll -"Don't be thinkin' av that,now.T'os past and gone."

Yank -"D'yuh suppose He'll hold it up against me?"

Driscoll -(mystified)"Who's that?"

Yank -"God. They say he sees everything.He must know it was done in fair fight,in self-defense,don't yuh think?"

Driscoll -"Av course. Ye stabbed him,and be damned to him, for the skulk in' swine he was,after him tryin' to stick you in the back and you not suspectin'.Let your conscience be aisy.I wisht I had nothin' blacker than that on my sowl; I'd not be afraid av the angel Gabriel himself."

Yank -"I c'd see him a minute ago with the blood spurtin' out from his neck."(with a shudder)"Ugh!"

Driscoll -"The fever,ut is,that makes you see such things.Give no heed to it."

(uncertainly)

Yank -"Yuh don't think He'll hold it up against me?God,I mean."

Driscoll -"If there's justice in Hiven,no."(Yank seems comforted by this assurance)

Yank -(after a pause)"We won't reach Cardiff for a week at least.I'll be buried at sea."

Driscoll -(putting his hands over his ears)"Sssshh! I won't listen to you"

Yank -(as if he had not heard him)"It's as good a place as any other,only I always wanted to be buried on dry land; but what'll I care - then?"(fretfully)"Why should it be a rotten night like this with that damned whistle blowin' and people snorin' all round.I wisht the stars was out and the moon, too. I c'd lie out on deck and look at them,and it'ud make it easier to go - somehow."

Driscoll -"For the love av the saints,don't be talkin' like that!"

Yank -"Whatever pay's coming to me yuh o'n divvy up with the rest of the boys; and you take my watch to remember me by.It ain't worth nothin' much but it's all I got."

Driscoll -"But have ye no relations at all to call your own?"

Yank -"The old lady died when I was a kid,and the old man croaked when I was fourteen; the old booze got him.I've got two brothers but to hell with them!They're too respectable to want news of me dead or alive."

Driscoll -"No aunts or uncles or cousins or anythin' the like av that?"

Yank -"No,not as I know of.One thing I forgot; You know Fanny the barmaid at the Red Stork in Cardiff?"

Driscoll -"Who doesn't?She's common property av the whole British merchan marine."

Yank -"I don't care; she's been good to me.She tried to loan me a crown when I was broke there last trip.Buy her the biggest box of candy yuh c'n find in Cardiff before yuh divvy up my pay.If she don't like candy -"

Driscoll -"A gallon of gin,I'm thinkin',wud be more welcome."

Yank -"A gallon of gin,then!What's the difference as long as it's something she likes ; and tell her it's with my regards."

Driscoll -"I'll do it the first thing I'm ashore - provided you're too sick tom come ashore yourself."

Yank -(With a calm smile)"It's no use,Drisc,yuh can't kid me along.I c'n feel it creepin' over me now.My throats like a furnace."(He gasps for air) "Bring a drink,will yuh,Driso?"(Driscoll gets him a dipper of water)"I wish this was a pint of beer - OOooh!"(He chokes,his face ~~x~~ contorted with agony, his hands tearing at his shirt front.The dipper falls from his nerveless fingers)

Driscoll -"Glory be to God,pwhat is ut,Yank?"

Yank -(speaking with tremendous difficulty)"S'long,Drisc!"(staring in front of him with eyes starting from their sockets)"Who's that?"

Driscoll -"Who?PWhat?"

Yank -(faintly)"A pretty lady dressed in black."(His face twitches and his body writhes in a final spasm,then straightens out rigidly.His eyes glaze and a thin crimson stream trickles down his cheek from the corner of his mouth.)

Driscoll -(pale with horror)"Yank,Yank pwhat is ut? Say a word to me for the love av Hivin! He's bleedin'!"(putsa trembling hand on Yank's chest) "His heerts not beatin'."(bends down closely over the body)"He's not breathin' (straightens up slowly and stares straight before him)"He's dead,dead!" (hoarsely)"If I could only remember a bit av a prayer to say for the rest av his sowl, a bit av a prayer,God help me!"(kneels down beside the bunk his head in his hands)"Our Father Who arrt in Hivin, -Pwhat's the rest? - I can't think -"

Cooky's voice sounds from the alleyway -"Oh,Driscoll! The bosun says to come aft and give me a 'and for a minute."(As he is speaking he appears in the doorway,his sou'wester and oilskins glistening with drops of water.He sees Driscoll and stands staring at him with open mouth.)

Driscoll -"Our Father Who arrt in Hivin --"(There is a moment of dead silence broken only by the heavy breathing of the sleeping seamen.)

Cooky -(in blank amazement)"Prayin'! Gawd blimey!"(He slowly takes off his dripping sou'wester and stands scratching his head perplexedly as --

PAMPHLET BINDER
Manufactured by
GAYLORD BROS. Inc.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Stockton, Calif.

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C053564655

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

10MY'65SM
SAN DIEGO
REC'D LD
INTERLIBRARY LOAN
MAY 7 '65-11 AM
JUN 14 1976
JUL 28 1966 76
JAN 17 1980
JUL 27 '66 9 RCD
REC CIR JAN 17 '80
JUL 27 1967 26
OCT - 1 1981
11/1/81
AUG 7 RECD
RET'D OCT 25 1981
AUG 25 1967 3 0
PM
LOAN DEPT.

LD 21A-60m-3,'65
(F2336s10)476B
General Library
University of California
Berkeley